

*The Historie*

wicht with the rogues companie. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, ile be hang'd. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hal, a plague vpon you both, Bardoll, Peto, ile starue e're ile reb asfoote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true-man, and to leaue these rogues; I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground is three-score and ten miles asfoote with mee: and the stonie hearted villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues can not be true one to another.

*They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my horse, you rogues, giue me my horse, and be hang'd.

*Prin.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of trauellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe? I blood ile not beare mine owne flesh so farre asfoote againe, for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye, to colt me thus?

*Prin.* Thou lyest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

*Fals.* I prethe good prince, Hal, helpe me to my horse, good kings sonne.

*Prin.* Out you rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

*Fals.* Hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if I be raine, ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cuppe of sacke be my poyson: when iest is so forward, and asfoote too, I hate it.

*Enter Gadshill.*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fals.* So I do against my will.

*Poi.* O t'is our setter, I know his voyce, Bardoll, what newes?

*Bar.* Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards, there's money of the Kings comming downe the hill, t'is going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie, ye rogue, t'is going to the kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* There's inough to make vs all:

*Fals.* To be hang'd.

*Prin.* Sirs, you foure shal front them in the narrow lane Ned Poynes, and I will walke lower: if they scape from your encount-

ter,

*of Henry*

ter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.* How many be they?

*Gad.* Some eight, or ten.

*Fals.* Zoundes, will they not?

*Prince.* What, a coward, I?

*Fals.* In deed I am not Iohn, yet no coward, Hal.

*Prince.* Well, we leaue that.

*Po.* Sirra, Iacke, thy horse! thou needst him, there thou shalt see.

*Fals.* Now can not I strike him?

*Prin.* Ned, where are our corses?

*Poi.* Here, hard by, stand close.

*Fals.* Now my matters, haue you man to his businesse.

*Transi.* Come neighbour, to the hill, wee leaue asfoote againe.

*Theeues.* Stand.

*Fals.* Strike, downe with the horse on Catterpillers, Bacon, downe with them, sleece them.

*Tra.* O, we are vndone, boys.

*Fal.* Hang ye gorbellied knaves, I would your store were chuffes, I would your store were knaues: yong men must liue, wee leaue ye faith.

*Here they rob them, and*

*Enter the Prince*

*Prin.* The theeues haue beene thou and I rob the theeues, and he argument for a weeke, laugh for euer.

*Poines.* Stand close, I hear

*Enter the theeues*

*Fals.* Come, my matters, let day, and the Prince and Poines there's no equitie stirring, then in a wilde ducke.